

Eleanor Mary Landon
Christmas Gift

THE ADMIRABLE
CANADIAN BOAT SONG
AND TRIO
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY
J. M. M. & Co.

BOSTON: Published by OLIVER DITSON 115 Washington St.

Adante.

Faint-ly as tolls the ev-ning chime, Our voi-ces keep tune and our

oars keep time, ... Our voi-ces keep tune and our oars keep time -

Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Ann's our part - ing hymn.

p

Row, brothers row, the stream runs fast, The rap - ids are near, and the

f

day - light's past, The rap - ids are near, and the day - light's past.


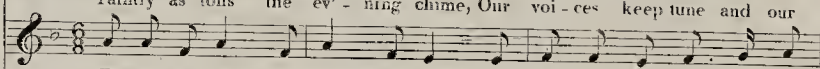

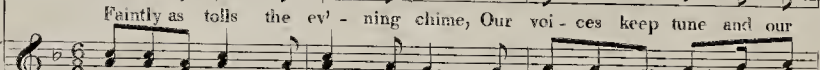

f *pp*

2
Why should we yet our sail unfurl,
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore;
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar;
Blow breezes blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

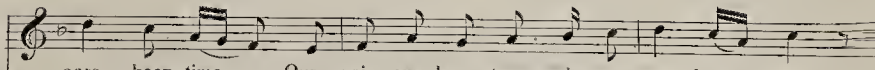
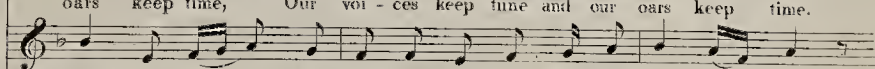
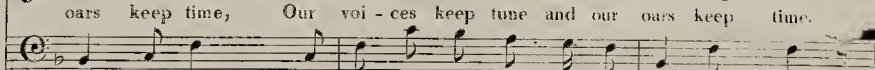
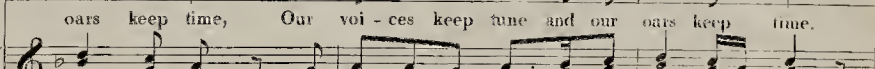
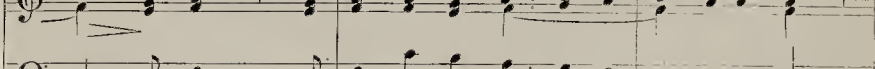
3
Utawa's tide, this trembling moon
Shall see us float over the surges soon;
Saint of this green Isle hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool Heav'n's and fav'ring airs;
Blow breezes blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

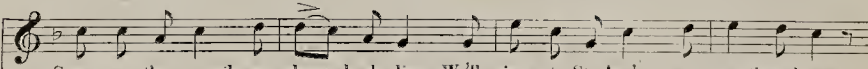
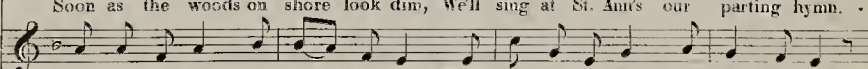
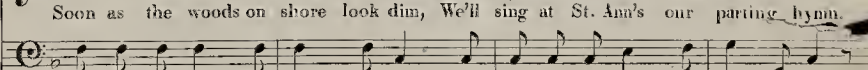
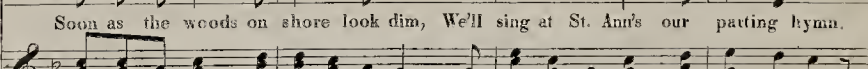

TRIO.

3

1st. Voice. 
 2^d. do. 
 3^d. do. 
 Piano 
 Forte. 

Faintly as tolls the ev' - ning chime, Our voi - ces keep tune and our


 oars keep time, Our voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time.

 oars keep time, Our voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time.

 oars keep time, Our voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time.




 Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.

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day light's past, The rap-ids are near, and the day light's past.

day light's past. The rap-ids are near, and the day light's past.

day light's past, The rap-ids are near, and the day light's past.

day light's past, The rap-ids are near, and the day light's past.

2

3

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There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar;
Blow breezes blow, &c.

Utawa's tide, this trembling moon
Shall see us float over the surges soon;
Saint of this green Isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and fav'ring airs;
Blow breezes blow, &c.

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